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Into life and revenge from the conquer-
or's chain !
Oh Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves
of the west,
Give the light of your look to each sorrow-
ful spot,
Nor Oh ! be the shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the olive
of Spain.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with
their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home
its delights,
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a
stain ;
Then ye men of Iberia, our cause is the
same,
And oh ! may his tomb want a tear and
a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's
breath,
For the shamrock of Erin, and olive of
Spain.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers
resign'd
The *green hills* of their youth, among
strangers to find
That repose, which at home, they had
sigh'd for in vain ;
Breathe a hope that the magical flame
which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as
bright,
And forgive even Albion, while blushing
she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long slight-
ed cause,
Of the shamrock of Erin, and olive of
Spain.

God prosper the cause—oh ! it cannot
but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is
alive,
Its devotion to feel and its rights to
maintain ;
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs
will die,
The finger of glory shall point where they
lie,
While, far from the footstep of coward or
slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter
their grave,
Beneath shamrocks of Erin and olives of
Spain.

EPIGRAM ON THE FUNERALS OF LORD NELSON AND THE HON. W. PITT, ADDRESSED TO BONAPARTE.

BY GENERAL FITZPATRICK.

FROWN not at funeral honours paid to
him,
Who oft has beat thy fleet,
Since the same pomp awaits on Pitt,
Whose blunders made thee great.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

The comparative authenticity of Tacitus and Suetonius, illustrated by the question, "Whether Nero was the Author of the Memorable Conflagration at Rome?" By Arthur Browne, L.L.D. S.F.T.C.D. and M.R.I.A.

SO much has been said of the candour of Suetonius, and of his work being the most accurate narration extant of the lives of the Emperors, that it is worth the pains to inquire how far these praises are due. Others are said to have been actuated by hatred, or slaves to adulation; he is represented alone as fair and uninfluenced.* For my own part I so much differ from this opinion, that I have ever considered the rank allotted to Suetonius, in the scale of historical merit, as elevated much beyond his deserts. I am not inclined to trust either his candour or his accuracy, particularly when opposed to, or compared with his rival historian. We are accustomed, I know not how, at an early age, from cotemporary studies, to unite the names of cotemporary historians, and from thence perhaps insensibly to infer a similarity of excellence. The authors perused treat of the same facts, they are read at the same time, and the mind is yet too young for accurate discrimination. May not such associations have had some effect with respect to Suetonius and Tacitus? But the exercise of maturer judgmen readily

* See the encomiums collected by Pitiscus, in the preface to his edition of Suetonius.